

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Shades of Grey"

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FADE IN:

1 INT - FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

1

We open VERY TIGHT on Father's face and begin to PULL BACK SLOWLY as he speaks.

FATHER

You've broken our rules, not once
but time and time again. Your
repeated forays above put all of us
at risk. We cannot close our eyes
any longer.

The ANGLE WIDENS to reveal other members of the subterranean society standing beside Father. MARY, the gentle matronly woman who works with the children, stands to his left, eyes downcast, looking distraught. WINSLOW, a huge three-hundred pound black man, is on his right, his face stern, arms crossed against his chest.

FATHER

(continuous)

You've been warned again and
again. Yet still you've persisted
in this wilful course of action

The ANGLE CONTINUES TO WIDEN, and we establish other subterraneans standing beside Mary and Winslow, and others beside them, all looking at the unseen accused. Some faces are uneasy, some sad, some angry, some rapt. The adults line the walls of Father's chamber in a ragged circle; some of the underground children form a second, smaller, concentric circle inside the first. Others crowd the stairs and the upper level of the chamber.

FATHER

Do you have anything to say in
your own defense?

2 REVERSE ANGLE

2

We ANGLE PAST FATHER to reveal the accused, WEED, standing in the center of the circle. He's a short, slight, pale young man with mobile, expressive features, dressed entirely in shades of grey, much of it soft, well-worn leathers. On his shoulder, at the end of a fine silver chain fastened to Weed's lapel, is ARTHUR, a ferret. As Weed speaks, one finger idly strokes the ferret, plays with him.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

WEED
Why's everyone getting so upset?

3 ANGLE ON VINCENT 3

in b.g. behind Weed, near the entrance to Father's chamber. He watches the proceedings with a concerned, melancholy look on his face.

4 BACK. TO THE SCENE 4

FATHER
(frustrated)
Weed, you've been stealing.

WEED
Not stealing. Taking.
(shrugs)
Just stuff. Needed it, found it,
took it...

WINSLOW
...from a warehouse!

WEED
(pleasantly)
That's where the stuff was.
Lots there, won't even miss it.
Left plenty too.

FATHER
That's not the issue.

WINSLOW
You set off a burglar alarm.

WEED
Very noisy. New kind, tricked me,
won't happen again.

WINSLOW
(hard)
We're here to make sure that it
doesn't.

WEED
(pets ferret)
Been teaching Arthur to find the
wires, chew' em up. He's small,
sneaks in easy.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

There's a general CHORUS OF DISMAY from the crowded chamber. Mary looks sad and worried, Father frustrated.

WINSLOW

(to Father)

He hasn't heard a thing we've said...

WEED

Heard everything. Lot of silly noise. Everyone takes stuff from up top. That's what up top is there for...

FATHER

Weed, there's a difference between foraging and stealing. We take those things the world above has cast off... we accept what is given to us freely by our helpers above... but we do not steal.

WEED

(stubborn, annoyed)

Not stealing. Taking. Couldn't wait. Needed elevator cable, hydraulics, ratchets, gears, -all kinds of stuff. Big project.

WINSLOW

What big project? No one was told anything about a big project...

(to Father)

This is a waste of time.

WEED

(to Arthur)

Winslow's mad... no one got his permission.

FATHER

(gently)

Weed, we live down here too. .It would have been nice to consult us, don't you think?

WEED

Would have ruined the surprise.

SARAH, an attractive young woman of twenty-five, with long dark hair, STEPS FORWARD and speaks up nervously.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

SARAH

It's all my fault, Father... Weed was just trying to help.

(beat)

You know that old iron ladder down by the ice stream? You've got to climb down to get from the pipe junction to the north tunnel... sometimes, if you're carrying something, it's hard ...I just asked Weed if there wasn't some way he could fix something, you know? To make the climb easier... I thought maybe a chute or something...

WEED

Chutes! Chutes are boring. Had a better idea... you'll see, a moving ladder, run it off the water power, all hydraulic... just hop on, grab hold, ride it down, ride it up... like an escalator, only with a ladder...

FATHER

That's all very clever, but it still doesn't excuse stealing.

WEED

Not stealing. Taking.

(scornful)

Nobody was going to give me that stuff. Right, Arthur?

There's a moment of awkward silence. They aren't getting through, and everyone in the circle knows it. The moment that everyone has dreaded is coming closer and closer. Father looks around the circle.

FATHER

Does anyone have anything to add before we vote?

MARY

Can't we give him one more chance? He won't do it again.

(looks at Weed)

You won't do it again, Weed?

WINSLOW

Mary, we've heard his promises before. He never learns.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

We PAN around the circle of faces. Most of the onlookers shift nervously, shake their heads, look away. A few STEP FORWARD to speak their piece. The first one is Pascal, the maestro of the pipe chamber.

PASCAL

We've given him one more chance a dozen times... I have to side with Winslow.

He's followed by JAMIE, an eighteen-year-old girl with a slim, boyish figure and a cute tomboy's face.

JAMIE

Weed has helped all of us... built us things, fixed whatever got broken... we can't do to him.

A very very old man, tiny and wizened, dressed in dusty, outdated formalwear from the thirties, follows Jamie. This is JUDGE, the oldest man in the world below. He leans heavily on his cane, his voice thin, wheezing.

JUDGE .

Laws are laws... I know, I was a judge up top once... stealing is stealing, yes sir!

(stamps cane)

Wink at the laws... chaos, that's what you'll have... I know, I was a judge... chaos, that's a terrible thing...

He breaks off his speech in a fit of coughing, and is helped back to his place in the circle. One of the underground children, KIPPER, stands up.

KIPPER

If you send Weed away, who's going to fix the broken toys?

FATHER

(gently)

No one wants to send Weed away, Kipper.

KIPPER

Winslow does...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (4)

4

WINSLOW

No, boy. Maybe you think I'm just a hard-case, but all we're trying to do here is teach him a lesson... so we won't have to send him away. Understand?

Kipper finally NODS slowly, sits down again.

FATHER

(sighs)

I suppose it's time, then. Weed has admitted the charge. Those who favor imposing the punishment, please... so indicate.

5 CLOSE ON THE FACES

5

as we begin to PAN SLOWLY around the circle, starting with Winslow, his face resolute as he TURNS AWAY from the camera, showing Weed his back. One by one the other subterraneans hesitate, and then vote for or against punishment, by turning away or facing forward, respectively. Sarah, Jamie, Vincent, and Mary are among those who do not turn. Pascal, Kipper, and the Judge vote with Winslow, as do a majority of the others. Finally we swing all the way around, back to Father, whose pain is plain on his face. He hesitates for a long, agonized moment, then TURNS AWAY.

6 ANGLE ON WEED

6

In the center of the circle, stunned, turning first one way and then the other. Even those still facing forward can't bear to meet his eyes. Two-thirds of the subterraneans have their backs turned.

7 CLOSE ON FATHER

7

The voting done, Father faces Weed once again, sadness in his eyes as he performs his painful duty.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

FATHER

Weed, I'm sorry... but since you refuse to listen, perhaps our silence will teach you the lesson our words could not. For one month, no man, woman, or child among us will speak to you. The sentence will begin...

(downcast eyes, soft)

. . . now.

The spectators begin to talk quietly among themselves as they file out, and we HEAR snatches of their conversation -- "A whole month, that's rough, I didn't think he'd do it, you know Weed has been asking for it," etc. They conspicuously ignore Weed as they exit.

8 ANGLE ON WEED

8

as he rises slowly to his feet, stunned and confused.

WEED

Joke, right? Okay good, okay fine. Hah hah.

(as Sarah passes)

Sarah, hey...

Sarah averts her eyes, breaks free, and pushes out of the chamber. Weed looks at the others as they pass.

WEED

Alys... Michael... say something... this is so dumb. Jamie! What a laugh, huh? At least you were on my side.

But even Jamie tries to push past. Weed grabs her arm. She struggles to free herself, and suddenly Vincent appears and very gently pries them apart. Weed turns all his attention and hope to Vincent.

WEED

Vincent... Vincent breaks their stupid rules too... How's your Lady Catherine, Vincent?

(stares hopefully)

She's good, right? Pretty, like you said... tell me how pretty she is, Vincent...

(beat)

Tell me!

9 CLOSE ON VINCENT

9

This is sheer agony for Vincent. He hesitates, sensing Weed's fear and confusion, horribly torn, but finally shakes his head, and looks away in silence.

10 WEED

10

looks as though he's been slapped.

WEED
Vincent too.

Hurt and furious, Weed whirls on his heels and EXITS;

CUT TO:

11 INT - DA'S OFFICE - DAY

11

Catherine opens the door to Maxwell's office. Maxwell is behind his desk, feet up, lobbing darts at the picture of George Steinbrenner tacked up on his dartboard. When Catherine enters, he sits up, a serious look on his face.

CATHERINE
You wanted to see me?

JOE
(awkward, glum)
Yeah. Come in and close the door.
(she does)

CATHERINE
What is it?

JOE
The Avery case. Kickbacks and
corruption in the construction
racket. . .

He rises, restless, and begins to pace -- glum, unhappy with what he's about to ask her.

JOE
Avery's as dirty as they come.
I know it, you know it, the guy that
sells the hotdogs across the street
knows it, but nobody can prove it.
We've talked to Waldrop, Gunther,
Mertens, a dozen others that we know
damn well have paid off to keep their
buildings going. Want to know what we
got?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

He sits on the edge of his desk, makes a "zip" sign with his thumb and forefinger.

JOE

(glum, awkward)

Moreno thinks you... well, there's one major developer who hasn't said no...

Catherine is one step ahead of Joe, suddenly suspicious, on edge. She shakes her head.

CATHERINE

No. Don't ask it, Joe.
Don't even think it.

JOE

Gimme a break, Radcliffe. You think I want to do this? I just work here.

(beat)

Just have a little talk with Elliot Burch...

CATHERINE

My relationship with Elliot was private... not to mention painful. And it's past tense.

JOE

Take it easy. We're asking you to interview the guy, not have his children. If Burch talks, we can put Avery away.

CATHERINE

Then subpoena him.

JOE

He's got an army of lawyers, he can stonewall and tie us up for years...but he'll talk to you.

CATHERINE

How do you know that?

JOE

(sigh)

He told us so.

(beat)

Personally, I think it stinks, but there it is.

Off Catherine's angry look, we

CUT TO:

12 INT - WEED'S CHAMBER - DAY

12

We PAN slowly across the wonders of the chamber that Weed has made his home, a place that is equal parts laboratory, machine shop, junkyard, playpen, and Victorian bordello. Weed seems to have found every surviving lava lamp in Manhattan; dozens of them fill niches in the rocky walls, burbling and churning in a myriad of colors.

Here and there, man-made stalagmites rise from the floor, painstakingly pieced together from multi-colored chunks of broken glass, like the Watts Towers; some are taller than Weed himself. Rube Goldbergish devices occupy the dusty corners of the room, some blinking and whirring, others dark and covered with cobwebs. A massive four-poster bed sits in the center of the chamber, piled high with plush velvet cushions; above it, we glimpse a large square HOLE in the rock wall, filled with darkness.

The bric-a-brac is distinctly less classical than Vincent's; toy robots, Disney figurines, an espresso machine, broken plastic models of airplanes, trains, and custom cars, anything bright and shiny.

Weed is the ultimate packrat. As we pan across his treasures, we HEAR Weed talking to himself, complaining. .

WEED (O.S.)

Nice and quiet. It's good, the quiet. Isn't it good, Arthur?

(Arthur SQUEAKS)

They won't talk, okay good, okay fine, they can't bother me all the time.

(mocking singsong)

Weed fix this, Weed can you help me, Weed don't go there, Weed that's dangerous. Yap yap yap...

The camera FINDS Weed sitting at a long work table up against a wall. A large pachinko machine is open in front of him, and he's tinkering with it, his fingers moving deftly as he talks. In b.g., a large cement-and-glass SANDCASTLE sits against the wall, and Weed's pet ferret is visible high on one of its parapets, peering down. Weed closes up the back of the machine, stands it up.

We MOVE IN CLOSE as he sets a ball in motion, and it rolls and tings down the complex pathway. For a moment, Weed grins with delight.

CUT TO:

13 INSERT - KALEIDOSCOPE

13

Colors and shapes twist, shatter, and reform as a kaleidoscope is slowly turned.

14 INT.- FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

14

Vincent enters, and finds Father behind his desk, peering into a large, ornate brass kaleidoscope. He seems unaware of Vincent's presence at first.

VINCENT
(softly)
Father...

Father lowers the kaleidoscope.

VINCENT
Am I disturbing you?

Father sighs sadly, sets the kaleidoscope aside.

FATHER
No. I was just...just...

Vincent lightly touches the kaleidoscope.

VINCENT
I remember when Weed made this for you... his tube of colors... all the colors we lacked... the colors of the world above...

FATHER
I was afraid he'd stolen it. He promised me solemnly that he'd made it himself. He was only ten. I was very touched.
(rueful smile)
...then I found out that he'd stolen the parts.
(beat)
You were silent in the circle today...

VINCENT
I had nothing to say.
(beat)
The problem is a grave one, I agree, but how can I of all people presume to judge Weed?

FATHER
You disagree with what we did?

VINCENT
It troubles me. The silence can be terrible.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

FATHER

Not half so terrible as what he'd
suffer if he were ever caught up top.
I've seen the inside of their
prisons.

(wearily)

We did the right thing... but that
does not make it any easier to live
with.

VINCENT

In Catherine's world, men who
stand accused of wrongdoing are
judged by strangers.

Mention of Catherine and her world hardens Father's
attitude. He shakes his head vehemently.

FATHER

(scornful)

Yes... they are afraid to take
responsibility, so they close
their eyes and wash their hands
and let others take it for them
-- policemen, jailers,
executioners... at least we make
our own inconvenient moral
choices, difficult as it might
be at times.

Before Vincent can reply, we HEAR the sound of running
footsteps and a young girl, ELLIE, bursts into the
chamber.

ELLIE

(alarmed)

Father... come quick...It's
Eric... he fell...

FATHER

(very concerned)

Where?

ELLIE

(timid)

The maze...

FATHER

The maze! How many times have you
been told to stay out of the maze?
It's not safe.

Father rises, goes to get his medical bag.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

ELLIE
 (abashed)
 We were just playing hide-and-
 seek... Kipper told him not to
 climb up there, he told him...
 he'll be all right, won't he?

Vincent kneels before her, consoles her.

VINCENT
 Eric will be fine... but there's no
 time for tears now. Can you take us
 to him?

Ellie nods bravely, drying her tears, as Father looms
 above her, bag in hand.

FATHER
 Quickly, now. There's no time to
 lose.

The three of them set off together as we:

CUT TO:

15 INT - ELLIOT BURCH'S OFFICE - DAY

15

Elliott is seated behind his desk. The desk is bare,
 polished, gleaming -- except for a single bulging file folder
 arranged, with compulsive precision, in its center. He looks
 up and SMILES as the door opens and Catherine enters.
 Catherine does not return the smile. Her demeanor is all icy,
 controlled professionalism, but there's fury below that
 surface.

ELLIOT
 (warmly)
 Catherine... it's so good
 to see you again.

He rises and begins to come around the desk to greet her,
 but Catherine deliberately seats herself in the chair
 furthest from him. The rejection is unmistakable.

CATHERINE
 Mister Burch, let's skip the
 amenities, shall we? I'm here to
 talk about Max Avery.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

ELLIOT

You're angry. I understand that,
Catherine. You may not believe it,
but this is as difficult for me as
it is for you.

CATHERINE

(sharply)

Then maybe you should talk to
someone less... difficult.
That can be arranged.

ELLIOT

(vulnerable)

What did I ever do to make you
hate me so much?

CATHERINE

We both know the answer to that.

(opens a notebook)

Can we get on with it?

Elliot stares at her for a long beat, then retreats back
behind his desk and seats himself again. He slides the file
a few inches across his desk, toward Catherine.

ELLIOT

It's all here. Every threat, every
bribe, every kickback. Dates, times,
amounts. The names of the go-
betweens. Enough to put Max Avery
away for twenty years.

Catherine reaches for the file, but Burch grabs her hand.

ELLIOT

Not yet. I have something I want
to say first...

The tableau holds for a long, charged moment as Catherine
and Elliot stare at each other.

16 CLOSE ON CATHERINE

16

as she gives a small, almost imperceptible NOD.

17 ANGLE ON ELLIOT

17

He releases her hand, sits back in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

ELLIOT

I've dealt with a dozen Max Averys since I began. Not because I wanted to. Maybe in your life the choices have all been black and white, but mine have been... gray.

(beat)

I wanted to build... to leave my mark. It was easier and cheaper to play ball with Avery than to fight him.

He swivels away from her in his chair, gazes out over the towers of Manhattan outside his window.

ELLIOT

Maybe you were right to walk away from me. Maybe you've never done anything you had cause to regret. I have. All I can say in my own defense is that I've made this city a better place to live...

He swivels to face her once again, touches the file.

ELLIOT

This file can damage me almost as much as Max Avery. My attorney advised me to shred it.

(beat)

I have a new attorney.

18 ANGLE PAST ELLIOT ON CATHERINE

18

as he slides the file across the desk to her. She looks uncertain, off-balance. Whatever she expected from him, this kind of honest vulnerability wasn't it.

ELLIOT

Take it.

CATHERINE

(she does)

Will you testify?

ELLIOT

It will cost me millions of dollars. Avery is in a position to cripple at least four of my current projects.

(nod)

Yes, I'll testify.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

CATHERINE

I can ask Moreno about immunity,
but I can't promise anything.

ELLIOT

I realize that. I trust you. Do
your best.

Catherine stands up, deeply troubled. She thought she had
Elliot Burch pegged, but now she's not so sure.

CATHERINE

Why, Elliot?

ELLIOTT

(very calmly)

Because I'm not one of the bad
guys, Catherine, no matter
what you think.

Off her reaction, we

CUT TO:

19 INT. - OUTER MAZE - DAY

19

Ellie leads Vincent and Father down a dark, twisting
passage. The walls are rough unshaped stone, very cavelike;
there's nothing man-made about this tunnel. The passage
grows very narrow in one place, and the adults must
carefully squeeze through. Further on, the way dead-ends at
a small, low hole in the stone. Ellie ducks and scampers
through, vanishing in the darkness. Father and Vincent
pause, exchange looks. After a moment, Ellie's head re-
emerges from the hole.

ELLIE

It's this way...
(with childish
impatience)
...it's only a little crawl...

FATHER

(exasperated)
Only a little crawl...

But then, very faintly, we HEAR a child's cries echoing
through the stillness. Father turns to Vincent.

FATHER

Will you take my bag?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

VINCENT

Are you sure you... ?

FATHER

Yes.

Vincent accepts the doctor's bag. Awkwardly, Father gets on his knees and follows Ellie into the hole. Vincent, the bag tucked under his arm, follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 INT - INNER MAZE - LATER

20

ERIC, a small boy of about eight, is lying beneath a looming, uneven wall of rock, crying, holding his ankle. Pieces of broken rock litter the ground around him. Kipper is with him. The chamber is cavernous, gloomy; various cave formations (stalagmites, stalactites, columns, icicles, etc.) are visible around them. The walls are damp, covered with patches of nitre and pale white lichen, and we HEAR the dim sound of rushing water through the rock. In b.g., a huge COLUMN OF ROCK stands besides a dark passageway..

Ellie scurries out of the dark side-tunnel, with Father and Vincent close behind her. Grim-faced and worried, Father kneels and begins to examine Eric.

FATHER

It's all right, Eric. Here,
let me me have a look...

(to Kipper)

What happened here?

KIPPER

He fell... he was climbing...

(points)

up there...

ERIC

The rock broke...

Eric winces as Father removes his shoe, gently manipulates his ankle.

VINCENT

These stones are not as strong
as they look, Eric... see how damp
the walls are? The same water that
carved the maze eats away
at these rocks...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

FATHER

Which is precisely why none of you
were supposed to be down here
in the first place.

(beat, to Eric)

You're lucky. It's a very bad sprain,
but I don't think anything is broken.

He takes out some bandages, begins taping up the ankle.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 ANGLE ON ERIC

21

He winces as Kipper and Ellie help him to his feet,
supporting him on either side. He holds his taped foot off
the ground gingerly.

22 RESUME

22

Father is closing his bag.

FATHER

(to Vincent)

I want this place sealed up. The
hazards are just too --

He's interrupted as a large rock CRASHES DOWN a few feet
from them. Eric SHRIEKS and Vincent and Father exchange
looks of fear and concern. Vincent looks up.

VINCENT

The roof... hurry, this whole
chamber is unstable...

The children stand frozen with fear. Several more
rocks come crashing down.

FATHER

Now! Go On! Hurry!

Ellie and Kipper, supporting Eric between them, start
forward, but suddenly the huge stone column beside the
exit BEGINS TO COLLAPSE. Vincent steps beneath the falling
column, catches it. It's immense and heavy; he struggles
to hold it.

VINCENT

Get away! Quickly!
(groans)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

KIPPER
(frightened)
But Vincent...

Vincent ROARS at them, galvanizing the children into motion. They hurry out. The chamber SHAKES as more pieces of the ceiling rain down around Vincent and Father. Father looks around in alarm. Vincent groans and sinks to his knees beneath the massive pillar.

VINCENT
Father, go...
(struggling)

Father hesitates, torn by indecision. He's doesn't want to abandon Vincent, doesn't see how to help him. Before he can act, the choice is taken from him, as the entire chamber COLLAPSES ALL AROUND THEM. A rain of rock, small and large, comes down around them, and we SEE Father stumble as a chunk hits him. Then both of them are lost to our sight as we

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

23 INT. - INNER MAZE

23

It is VERY DARK; the cave-in has shut off all sources of light. Dust swirls thick as smoke through the subterranean darkness. As it settles, we see that only a small section of the chamber remains intact. In the dimness, there is no sound, no motion. We MOVE IN slowly on the massive rock pillar. The exit behind the fallen pillar is choked by rubble, obviously impassable.

In the dimness, there is no sound, no motion. We continue to MOVE IN on the rubble, and FIND Vincent's hand, curled around the huge stone. It is still, unmoving. We HOLD on the hand for a long beat, and finally, it moves. Just a twitch at first; then a more pronounced movement as it flexes, unflexes.

Small stones and chunks of rubble are forced out of the way as a second hand emerges from under the pillar. The two hands brace against the stone, push. Nothing. They flex, move to a better grip, push again. Still nothing. Then, from beneath the fallen rock, we HEAR a ROAR of pain and frustration, terrifyingly loud in this small place. The hands brace, push again. This time the pillar shifts visibly, begins to lift... we glimpse Vincent straining under its weight, as he finally shifts it up and out of the way. Out from under at last, he drops the pillar with a shudder of relief.

24 ANGLE ON VINCENT

24

as he stands in the darkness, gasping for breath. His clothing hangs torn and filthy. He breathes even this stale, dusty air gratefully, in great draughts. He looks right, left, groping for the walls, lost in the darkness.

VINCENT

Father...

FATHER (O.S.)

(very weakly)

Vincent...

(coughs)

25 EXTREME CLOSE ON VINCENT'S EYE

25

Catlike, his pupil dilates wider and wider, drinking in what small light remains. The eye moves slowly around the room, searching.

26 RESUME

26

Vincent finds Father, half-buried beneath a wall of fallen rock, moves to him, kneels by his side. Father's eyes are open, but blind in this blackness. A thin line of blood runs down the side of his face from where he was hit by the falling rock.

VINCENT
I'm here, Father.
(begins to dig)

Father's head moves slowly from side to side. He reaches out weakly, finds Vincent's arm, grasps it.

FATHER
The children...

VINCENT
They were well up the tunnel...

FATHER
(relieved)
Good...
(beat)
Vincent, can you... see anything?

VINCENT
Dimly. Shapes and shadows...
pools of black, and grays of a
dozen different shades...

By now, he's cleared away from the fallen rock. Gently, he pulls Father out from beneath the rest, and cradles him in his arms. Father smiles weakly, reaches up, and touches Vincent's face.

FATHER
(amazed)
Your eyes... astonishing... in
this darkness, I'm good as
blind...

VINCENT
How do you feel?

FATHER
(wry, pained smile)
I've been better...

CUT TO:

27 INT. - JOE MAXWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

27

Joe is behind his desk, looking through the file that Catherine received from Elliot Burch. He's nodding as he reads. Catherine is pacing his office. She looks drawn, shaken, pale, and she paces back and forth with growing restlessness. Somehow, some part of her senses Vincent's distress, and it has begun to get to her, although even Catherine does not yet realize why she is feeling so bad.

JOE

If Burch will corroborate this, I'd say that Max Avery is out of the construction business.

CATHERINE

It will cost him, Joe... I don't think immunity would be out of line.

JOE

(raised eyebrow)

Am I wrong, or are you whistling a different tune than when you left?

CATHERINE

(thoughtful)

Elliott is doing the right thing, Joe... that's got to count for something.

JOE

I'll talk to Moreno. Immunity for Burch and his people is a small price to pay for Avery.

Catherine strides to the door, pauses, looks back.

CATHERINE

Tell Moreno he owes me one.

(beat)

And tell him that if he ever tries to trade on my private life again, my resignation will be on his desk by morning.

Joe stares at her for a beat, then smiles slowly, and gives her the "thumbs up" gesture.

CUT TO:

28 INT. - OUTER MAZE - TIGHT ON JAMIE

28

as she crawls BACKWARDS out of the hole that we saw Lana lead Father and Vincent into last act, her legs appearing first. Her clothes are dusty and torn. She's wearing a homemade "miner's helmet" -- a motorcycle helmet with an oversized flashlight taped to its top. The ANGLE WIDENS to reveal a dozen other subterraneans gathered around the hole, including Mary, Winslow, Sarah, Pascal, and others we saw during Weed's trial. Various of the group are carrying lanterns, picks, shovels, etc. We PAN SLOWLY across their troubled faces. Everyone looks worried, scared; a few struggle to hold back tears.

Winslow, the massive, powerful black man, helps pull Jamie out of the hole. She takes off the helmet, wipes the grime and sweat from her face.

JAMIE

It's closed up solid, just like
Kipper said. Half the maze must
have come down on them.

In b.g., one of the women begins to sob uncontrollably. Winslow gives her a hard look.

WINSLOW

That won't fix nothing.
(to Jamie)
Can we clear the tunnel?

JAMIE

I don't see how. It's twenty feet
down to where it's collapsed, and
there's barely enough room for me. No
room to turn around, swing a pick...

MARY

(near panic)
We could... we could pass the
stones out... hand to hand...

WINSLOW

One rock at a time? They'll be dead
for sure before we reach'em that
way.
(grim)
If they're not dead already...

MARY

Don't say that! They're not dead,
they can't be dead!

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

WINSLOW

There's got to be some other way
in... all these little twisty
tunnels... they all feed into each
other, a man could get lost...
where's Kipper with those maps?

SARAH

Here he comes now...

We HEAR the sound of RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. The adults part as Kipper comes running down the tunnel, carrying a dozen scrolls -- Father's maps of the tunnel system.

WINSLOW

About time... let me have a
look...

Winslow takes the maps from Kipper, unrolls one. Jamie and the others press around him closely. It's not the right map. He casts it aside, tries another. His finger traces a route along the parchment.

KIPPER

(soft, scared)

There isn't any other way...

Stubborn, and more than a little scared, Winslow refuses to accept what Kipper is telling him. .

WINSLOW

Quiet! There's another way, and
I'm going to find it.

He shakes his head, unrolls a third map, studies it briefly, then shakes his head angrily.

WINSLOW

This isn't right either...
these aren't the right maps.

KIPPER

(defensive)

Yes they are.

WINSLOW

(shouts)

They're not! You hear me, these
aren't right!

Furious, Winslow FLINGS the map aside. Kipper flinches away from him, and Mary shelters the boy.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

MARY

Stop it! You're scaring him...

Winslow stops... suddenly he realizes what he's doing. The others are staring at him. This huge, strong man is as just as frightened and confused as any of them.

WINSLOW

I... my god, he's just a boy...
I'm sorry... Kipper, please...

Inarticulate and ashamed, Winslow TURNS AWAY toward the wall, and balls his hands into massive fists.

WINSLOW

(dull with anger)
Solid bedrock.

He beats against the wall with his fist, a tremendous blow that POUNDS against the rock and makes Winslow WINCE with pain. Then, with his other fist, he hits the wall again, taking out all his frustration and helpless rage on the unyielding stone. As he pounds, he begins to shout, louder and more hysterical with each blow.

WINSLOW

Twenty feet of solid bedrock.
(hits it)
What the hell... (hits)... are...
(hits) ... we... (hits)...
going... (hits)... to...
(hits)... do !

The last word is almost a SCREAM of pain, and Winslow begins to smash wildly against the rock, over and over and over again, as the other subterraneans surround him and try unsuccessfully to pull him away, but his hysterical strength is overwhelming. Each blow is LOUDER than the one before, until they are thunderous, deafening.

SMASH CUT TO:

29 INT. - DA'S OFFICE - EXTREME CLOSE ON CATHERINE

29

At her desk. She winces, touches her temples. We HEAR the rhythmic POUNDING in her head, OVERLAPPING with the sound of Winslow's pounding deep below the earth. Her breathing is ragged, her face pale. She knows this is not just an ordinary headache. Something is very, very wrong. She leans forward, as if she were ill, closing her eyes, cradling her head in her hands. Then she raises up her head, and her eyes open wide.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

CATHERINE
 (frightened whisper)
 Vincent. . .

SMASH CUT TO:

30 INT. - INNER MAZE - EXTREME CLOSE ON VINCENT

30

After the loud, furious POUNDING of the last two scenes, the profound silence down in this darkness is almost a shock. Vincent is moving stones from the rubble around the entranceway. We can see that it's a hopeless task, but he works methodically, untiring, with heroic strength. Father is a few feet away, sitting against the wall of the cave, staring into the darkness. Vincent suddenly stops in his labors, pauses, listening.

VINCENT
 Listen...

FATHER
 What?

VINCENT
 The pounding...
 (touches the wall)
 Through the stone... someone is
 hammering against the rock...:

FATHER
 (listens, scowls)
 I can't hear a thing...

VINCENT
 It's coming from the far side of
 the crawlspace... the children must
 have made it out safely...

FATHER
 Yes... good...
 (beat)
 They'll dig down to us then.
 It's such a long way... How long
 do you think...

VINCENT
 As long as it takes.

FATHER
 Vincent... there's so much I want to
 tell you... and so little time.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

There's something in his voice -- a heartache, a fear, a yearning -- that makes Vincent stop his labors and come to Father's side.

VINCENT

We have all the time in the world,
Father.

FATHER

It hurts... I'm not as strong as I
was once, Vincent...

VINCENT

They'll be here soon. Rest.

FATHER

No... plenty of time for rest
later...

(with black humor)

... whatever happens.

(beat)

The quiet, the darkness... so
chilling...

(beat)

I feel so useless... blind... I
wish I could see your face...

Father reaches out blindly, touches Vincent's face with his hand, traces its shapes as a blind man might. It's enough. Father SMILES.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 INT. - DA'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Catherine stuffs papers into her briefcase, looking harried, shaken. Edie approaches as Catherine is rushing off. She follows Catherine across the office.

EDIE

I got the print-out you asked
for... Where you rushing off to?

CATHERINE

I've got to go. Something's...
something's come up.

EDIE

We were supposed to do dinner,
remember? The Oyster Bar in Grand
Central Station, clam chowder,
seafood, cheesecake, girl talk...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

CATHERINE
 (exiting)
 I'm sorry, Edie. I've got to get
 home. Tomorrow, okay?

Edie stands looking at the door after it swings shut.

EDIE
 Hey, maybe I'm not free tomorrow.
 Maybe I've got a hot date with
 Darryl Strawberry!
 (turns back, softer,
 to herself)
 Or maybe I don't...

CUT TO:

32 INT. - OUTER MAZE - DAY

32

The scene is one of frantic activity, as the subterraneans begin to try to widen the passage and break through to Father and Vincent. The larger, stronger men are swinging the picks, while others gather up the chipped stone and carry it off. They've only begun to make headway, but already some of the workers look exhausted. This is hard labor, and these people are no miners. Winslow, his clothing damp with his sweat, cracks off a huge chunk of rocks with one formidable swing. It falls, shatters. He staggers back to where Mary has set up a tub of cold water, takes a drink, then sluices some over his head. Jamie stands near the water station, watching. She shakes her head.

JAMIE
 This won't work, Winslow. There's
 got to be a better way.

WINSLOW
 I don't hear you coming up with no
 brainstorm.

JAMIE
 (hesitates)
 We could...

WINSLOW
 What? Let's hear it, girl.

JAMIE
 We could tell Weed.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

WINSLOW

Break the silence, you mean?

(scowls)

Jamie, if I thought it'd do any good,
I'd sing him a hymn and kiss his
damned weasel...

JAMIE

Arthur's a ferret, not ...

WINSLOW

I don't want no biology lessons --
we're talking life and death here.
Weed will just get in the way, slow
us down with all his talk, get
everybody arguing again.
No. Leave him where he is...

JAMIE

Winslow, he knows the tunnels
better than anyone... even
Father... maybe he knows another
way in.

WINSLOW

There is no other way in. How
many times did I go over those
damned maps?

JAMIE

Maybe Weed could build
something... some kind of
machine...

WINSLOW

I've seen his damned machines.
Half of them don't work...

JAMIE

Yeah, so half of them do.

Winslow SIGHS HEAVILY. He likes Jamie, but his nerves are
frayed, he's exhausted, and out of patience.

WINSLOW

I don't have time for this. You want
to save Vincent and Father?

(points at wall)

Well, they're in there. If they're
alive we need to dig them out fast,
and hot air don't move no rocks.
Neither does Weed.

(disgusted)

The man talks to weasels...

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2) 32

Winslow turns away sharply and heads back to the wall. Jamie watches, wordless and frustrated, as he lifts his pick and brings it down, shattering more rock. She hesitates for a moment, weighing her own instincts against Winslow's authority. Then she takes a step backwards, whirls, and RUNS OFF down the tunnel.

CUT TO:

33 INT. - CATHERINE'S BASEMENT 33

as she descends the ladder. She's carrying a heavy-duty flashlight and wearing jeans, boots, a heavy workshirt. She moves to the steam pipes, BANGS on them with the end of the flashlight, waits a moment, BANGS again. She's impatient, filled with a sense of urgency, anxious and worried. She lifts the flashlight to signal a third time, then decides that there's no time for it. Instead, in haste, she heads for the entrance to the tunnels.

34 SERIES OF SHOTS. STEAM TUNNELS 34

Catherine, alone, descends deeper and deeper into the underworld. INTERCUT between STOCK from our tunnel library and shots of Catherine's boots -- descending the rungs of a ladder, striding through puddles, hesitating, turning, her footsteps ECHOING. We should give the impression of a lengthy, exhausting journey through the darkness, and several moments of confusion and hesitation.

35 INT. - OLD TUNNEL - NIGHT 35

She gropes along an unfamiliar passage, its walls covered with nitre. Water is dripping here. This is a very old, spooky section of the tunnels, and it's clear that Catherine has never passed this way before. Somehow she's gotten lost, and her face shows her alarm.

She comes on an old brick WELL in the center of the passage, moves past it, and brushes against a loose brick on its rim as she squeezes by. The brick falls for a long beat, and finally we HEAR a faint, distant SPLASH.

An old WROUGHT IRON GATE blocks her passage. Catherine pushes at the gate, but she can't move it. She grasps the bars, SHOUTS.

CATHERINE
Hello... Vincent... is anyone
there? Kipper? Ellie?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Her voice ECHOES and RE-ECHOES in the dark, but there is no reply. She tries the grate again -- it is solidly shut by some kind of heavy bolt. Catherine looks around her for a key, a release, anything -- and NOTICES, set in the stone above the gate, a bit of carving, a round, stone GARGOYLE's FACE leering down at her. The carved face, however, CANTS slightly to one side, suggesting that it might turn.

Cathy sets aside her flashlight, reaches up, and tries to turn the circular carving. It resists. She grimaces, twists harder... finally, with a GRINDING NOISE, the gargoyle begins to revolve. Cathy only has time for a brief smile of triumph...

Then -- instead of the bolt pulling back, as she'd expected -- a CONCEALED TRAPDOOR OPENS right beneath her feet. Catherine SCREAMS and plunges down into the dark.

36
thru OMITTED
42

36
thru
42

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

43 OMITTED 43

44 INT. WEED'S CHAMBER - ANGLE ON WEED'S BED - DAY 44

Catherine pops out of the square hole in the rock wall above the bed to land on the plush velvet cushions, a startled cry breaking from her lips.

45 WEED 45

is at his work bench; now he turns to SEE CATHERINE on his bed behind him. A smile plays across his lips as he strokes the pet ferret on his shoulder, both of them watching Catherine.

WEED

(to Arthur)

She's pretty, like Vincent said.
I'm Weed.

(a courtly bow)

At your service, Catherine.

CATHERINE

You know me?

WEED

All in the world below... know.

ANGLE ADJUSTS as Weed crosses to offer Catherine a hand up. She recoils slightly at the sight of the ferret; Weed smiles and chucks it under the chin.

CATHERINE

(still a bit disoriented)

I was trying to find Vincent. It
was dark... I fell...

WEED

(a sweeping gesture)

Express route, to the deepest
chamber of all.

CATHERINE

(rising, still a bit disoriented)

I can't explain it, but I think
Vincent may be in trouble. I feel it.
I... fear for his safety.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

WEED

No need. Vincent takes care of himself. Doesn't need some topsider to look after him, not even one pretty as you.

CATHERINE

Please, Mister...

WEED

(a laugh)

Mister Weed? Just Weed. I just grew here. So that's what they call me.

CATHERINE

(frustrated)

Fine. Weed. We're wasting time. Just tell me where I can find him.

WEED

Never find him. Not alone. Hundreds of tunnels, chambers... you could wander forever and never find .

CATHERINE

Then help me! Be my guide!

WEED

Come to save him, Catherine? You're the danger to him. And to us. You shouldn't have come.

CATHERINE

I can't shake this feeling of dread. I won't rest until I see him, know that he's safe...

(an edge)

I'll find him. With or without your help.

WEED

(to the ferret)

She wants us to take her up, Arthur.

(a long beat; staring at her)

Okay good, okay fine.

The strange little man scurries quickly OUT of the chamber; Catherine has to hurry to catch up.

CUT TO:

Weed leads the way up, the beam from his flashlight slashing the darkness. He and Catherine move like apparitions through the thick blue mist. Weed is muttering to himself under his breath as they go. Now he stops, listens... JAMIE comes INTO SHOT, making her way down the tunnel toward them.

WEED

(to Arthur, perched on
his shoulder)

Something's wrong, something's
broken, needs fixing... so they
come to Weed. Even in The Silence.

Jamie reaches them, out of breath; Catherine's presence makes her nervous and wary. She looks on the verge of bolting when Catherine reassures her:

CATHERINE

My name is Catherine. I'm a
friend of Vincent's.

WEED

(a snicker to Arthur)

A friend. That's rich.

(to Jamie)

Feast your eyes. You've been
gossiping about her long enough.

JAMIE

(urgently)

Weed, you've got to come -

WEED

(sarcastically)

-- I thought you broke The Silence
because you missed me.

JAMIE

Listen to me! There's been a cave in
-- Father and Vincent are trapped!

This news knocks the sarcasm out of Weed... and scares hell out of Catherine.

CATHERINE

My God...

WEED

Where?!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

JAMIE

The Maze...

WEED

(hurrying away)

This is bad... very bad... worse
than bad... worse than worse...

Catherine and Jamie hurry up the incline after him. HOLD a long beat as they disappear into the dark mist, then

CUT TO:

47 INT. THE OUTER MAZE - DAY

47

Winslow and a number of tunnel dwellers (ten or twelve) are still laboring, trying to clear the collapsed passageway. They pass chunks of stone out hand-to-hand, like a bucket brigade. It's slow going.

A couple of tunnel people react as Weed, Jamie, and Catherine come INTO SHOT; Winslow notices and follows their eyes, his face darkening when he sees Weed... and Catherine. Silence falls as the others see the newcomers.

WINSLOW

(pissed; to Jamie)

You bring a stranger here?! .

JAMIE

(helplessly)

Not really a stranger...
Catherine.

An excited murmur as Catherine and Weed push their way through the crowd to the cave-in site. Catherine's face is dark with concern, and she's fighting building panic.

CATHERINE

Are they alive?

WINSLOW

You know the rules, Jamie -

CATHERINE

(sharply)

--Are they alive?

WINSLOW

(a beat; sizing her up)

We don't know.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Weed is investigating the cave-in area, muttering softly to himself as the others make way for him, watching him hopefully.

WORKER #1

Can you help, Weed? Maybe with one of your machines -

WINSLOW

Remember the Silence!

JAMIE

No! The rule isn't as important as Father's and Vincent's lives!

WINSLOW

We don't need him!

WEED

Yes you do. So do they. Never get through this way, one rock at a time.

WINSLOW

It's the only way in!
We can do it -

WEED

Not in time. Run out of air in there before you get through.

CATHERINE

There must be another way -

WEED

(nods)
From the other side.

WINSLOW

That's crazy! It's solid rock!

WEED

No. Another tunnel. I remember.

48 ANOTHER ANGLE

48

Winslow storms over to get the old maps, brings them back for Weed to look at.

WINSLOW

You remember wrong! There's no other tunnel. See for yourself!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

WEED
 (looks at the maps;
 flatly)
 Maps are wrong. I know what I
 know... and I know.

WINSLOW
 (disgusted)
 I told you! He's not some magic man
 with a bag of tricks, he's crazy!
 Everyone back to work!

WEED
 (to the others)
 Got a new machine, digging
 machine, best one yet. Dig in
 from the other side -

WINSLOW
 --Get out of here, fool! We've
 wasted enough time with you!

WEED
 Do it your way. Waste more time. Any
 of you coming with me?

Looks pass around as Weed waits... and Winslow glares.
 Jamie finally steps in with Weed and Catherine, staring at
 Winslow defiantly. Now two more Tunnel workers join their
 ranks. Winslow snorts contemptuously, turns away. Weed
 leads the way out.

CUT TO:

49 INT. INNER MAZE - IN THE DARKNESS

49

Vincent's listening; he reacts with relief as the distant
 SOUNDS of DIGGING resume from the other end of the blocked
 crawlspace! He smiles reassuringly at Father.

VINCENT
 They've not given up... Neither
 must we. Catherine's with them. I
 sense her presence.

FATHER
 How did she...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

VINCENT

This bond between us is stronger,
deeper than either of us
understands. It's as if... our
spirits have joined... that somehow,
we're one.

FATHER

(after a beat)

A bond can become a chain,
Vincent.

VINCENT

Never. She is my life.
And always will be.

FATHER

Your life... is here. You know
that. If anything should happen to
me, our people will need you more
than Catherine ever will. Your
responsibility must be to our
society, to the world we've built.

VINCENT

(gently)

All will be well, Father.
Rest now.

But Father can't rest until he speaks the words he knows
must be spoken. He waits a moment, gathering his strength,
then:

FATHER

You don't know what it was like
in the early days... the violence,
the discord. There was no trust
between us, no sense of society,
merely roving bands preying on
the weak and helpless. It's taken
years for our world to evolve,
to become a safe place... Your voice
will be needed, Vincent.
To protect what I've given my life
for, to insure the continuation of
our world.

(beat)

Nothing... no one... must threaten...

He tries to raise up on elbow; a jolt of pain takes his
breath as Vincent eases him gently down.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

VINCENT

Mine is not the only voice,
Father...

FATHER

But it is the truest, the
strongest... the one all listen
most keenly to. You've no idea how
proud I am of you.

(beat)

Winslow has strength, but his
heart is hard, unyielding...
Strength alone can be
treacherous... as can weakness.
Your compassion is at once your
greatest attribute... and most
dangerous flaw.

VINCENT

(a long beat)

I can never leave her, Father.
No more than you could back your
back on me.

FATHER.

I know that. All I ask
is that you be willing
to weigh both your needs
against your duty to our
society.

(beat)

I know you find fault with our
rules... with punishment for those
who break them. But without order,
there is only chaos. You must temper
your great compassion with strength.

VINCENT

I'll use the lessons you've taught me
when I must.

(a soft smile, stroking
Father's forehead)

But that time is a long way off.
We'll walk out of here together,
I promise you.

Father squeezes Vincent's hand gratefully, finding hope in
his words.

FATHER

Talk to me, Vincent. I need to
keep my mind off... the dark...

(winces)

... and this damned pain...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

VINCENT

When you first taught me chess,
you used to beat me without
looking at the board.

FATHER

(pained laugh)

Is that a challenge? I accept. I'll
take black. Only appropriate under
the... circumstances.

VINCENT

Pawn to king four.

FATHER

Pawn to king four.

VINCENT

Pawn to king's bishop four.

FATHER

Hmpf. Next to your trips Above the
king's gambit is your greatest folly.
(crisply)
Pawn takes pawn...

CUT TO:

50 INT. WEED'S CHAMBER - DAY

50

Catherine watches as Weed directs Jamie and two of the
tunnel dwellers, who are wheeling a tarp-covered
contraption from its place in one of the jumbled corners of
the chamber. Now he steps forward, waves them away, and
pulls the tarpaulin off with a flourish, a proud father
showing off one of his favorite children. It's an old lawn
mower reworked into a compressor, mounted on a rubber-
wheeled platform.

CATHERINE

It's... beautiful, Weed.
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

WEED

(proudly)

In its last incarnation, a lawn mower. Salvaged it from a scrap yard, breathed new life into it with talent and imagination. Now it's a drilling machine.

(a grin)

Horsepower is a terrible thing to waste.

CATHERINE

(looking it over)

It's fantastic... You're a genius, Weed...

WEED

Agreed.

(to Arthur; stroking him)

A perceptive woman, our Catherine.

(to the tunnel people)

Take it in tow and let's go.

Catherine and Weed take hold of the pull ropes with the tunnel dwellers and wheel the machine out of the Weedhouse as we

CUT TO:

51 INT. A SECTION OF TUNNELS - DAY

51

The machine is pulled slowly through the darkened, misty tunnel. Catherine and Weed carry torches, lighting the way.

As they go out of shot,

CUT TO:

A small, dank tunnel somewhere deep within the tunnel world. The walls are wet, covered with fungus. Catherine stands with Jamie and the two tunnel dwellers, all holding torches aloft to give Weed light as he works. The "compressor" is almost painfully LOUD in these cramped quarters; the air is blue with exhaust smoke and dust. Weed is trying to drill through the wall into the inner maze -- where Father and Vincent are trapped. The drilling rig should look patched together, jerry-rigged with spare parts that Weed has collected -- hoses, an old jack hammer, etc.

The compressor's engine lugs, coughing and sputtering, as the makeshift drill bit chews into the bedrock... Suddenly, the bit breaks, sending Weed falling onto his backside with a muttered oath. Catherine moves to help him up. He rips off the old motorcycle goggles he's using as an eye shield and flings them away in disgust, then gives his machine a swift kick. It sputters and dies.

WEED

No good no good NO GOOD! Three drill bits ruined for three inches of hole!

CATHERINE

(building panic)

We've got to keep trying! We can't give up -

WEED

(pacing, muttering)

Could go above... find what's needed... Construction shack, maybe... big building... No time!

CATHERINE You

need more tools? I might be able to get them.

WEED

(bitter laugh)

You? Explosives? Tungsten carbide drill bits? Not at Bloomingdale's!

Catherine thinks a moment; the pieces drop into place. It's not a solution she likes... but the only one available.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

CATHERINE
 (softly; to herself)
 Elliot...
 (to Weed, urgently)
 I know a man who can help. Come
 on, Weed. Guide me up. You can
 tell me exactly what you need on
 the way.

WEED
 (doubtfully)
 We have no time to waste, better be
 sure...

CATHERINE
 I'm sure! Let's go!

WEED
 (grabs a torch from one
 of the bystanders,
 starts out)
 Okay good okay fine!

As they hurry OUT of the ante chamber,

CUT TO:

53 INT. INNER MAZE - DAY

53

Vincent feels the floor for vibrations, leans to listen,
 hears nothing...

FATHER
 (weakly)
 Are they still drilling?

VINCENT
 (beat; the truth is
 painful)
 Of course, Father. They'll break
 through to us soon, and this will be
 no more than a memory.

FATHER
 It hurts... I can't seem to get my
 breath...
 (coughs raggedly)

VINCENT
 (cradling him)
 Rest now. Know that help is
 coming...

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

Vincent's words are calm, soothing... but his eyes tell his concern...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

54 EXT. A NEW YORK HIGH RISE - EST.- LATE AFTERNOON 54

Elliot Burch's headquarters...

CUT TO:

55 INT. ELLIOT BURCH'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON 55

Elliot is meeting with a couple of his architects, going over the plans for a new condominium project. He's in his shirtsleeves, tie loosened and sleeves rolled up, very Kennedy-esque. His attitude is that of a driven visionary, hypnotic and compelling.

ELLIOT

Rive Gauche must redefine townhouse living, cross new thresholds of luxury. For this kind of money, people should get more than a view of the park. They'll feel like they're living in an exclusive spa resort year round!

One of the architects, a stylish young woman named ANNE, pleads her case firmly, but knows better than to ruffle him.

ANNE

Agreed. But two Olympic-size pools? We could maximize our space more effectively if -

ELLIOT

-- We're not packing sardines "in tins! The spa facility must not be compromised.

(re the drawings)

The balconies are too small, and there's not enough glass. I want more windows...

His intercom buzzes; PUSH IN as he crosses to the massive desk to answer it.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

ELLIOT
 I said no calls!
 (a puzzled look)
 Of course I'll see her.

He hangs up, his expression hard to read. A moment as he mulls it, then:

ELLIOT
 (coming around the desk
 to shoo the architects
 out)
 Look, something's come up.
 We'll reconvene in the morning.

The architects hurriedly pack up their plans, spurred into high gear by his urgency...

56 IN ELLIOT'S OUTER OFFICE - WITH CATHERINE

56

She's pacing nervously when Elliot herds the architects out of his office and crosses toward her.

ELLIOT
 (a nice smile)
 This must be my lucky day...

CATHERINE
 I'm sorry to barge in on you, but
 it's very important.

ELLIOT
 I'm thankful for such a lovely
 interruption. Please...

GO WITH them as he shows her toward his inner sanctum...

57 IN ELLIOT'S PRIVATE OFFICE

57

as they come IN...

ELLIOT
 What's this about, Catherine? Isn't
 D.A. Moreno satisfied with what I've
 given you on Max Avery?

CATHERINE
 (trying to keep the
 urgency from her voice)
 I'm not here on business. I need a
 favor.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

ELLIOT
 (a beat, studying her
 with concern)
 Are you all right? Here, sit
 down, you look a little shaky.
 Let me get you a brandy...

He tries to steer her toward a chair, but she won't have it.

CATHERINE
 I don't want a brandy!
 (catching herself;
 evenly)
 What I need is your help.

He's still carrying the torch for her, but he's also nursing a bad case of hurt pride. And it makes him hesitate...

He crosses to the bar, splashes whiskey in a glass, sips it, staring at her over the rim of the glass.

Catherine twists on his silence for a long moment; anger surges and pushes her toward the door.

CATHERINE
 I was a fool to think --

ELLIOT
 Catherine! Don't walk out on me
 again!
 (she turns)
 Just tell me what you want.

Catherine opens her purse, gets out her notebook, and tears off a sheet of paper, crosses to hand it to him. He reads... and laughs.

ELLIOT
 A drill bit?! Giving up the law
 for hard rock mining, are you?

CATHERINE
 It's no joke. The need is real, and
 immediate, and I don't have time to
 spar with you.

ELLIOT
 Don't I even get an explanation?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: ()

57

CATHERINE

I can't. There's too much at stake.

(beat)

I'm asking you to trust me.

ELLIOT

(pointedly)

That's all I ever asked of you.

He goes to his desk, finds a number in his rolodex and picks up the phone.

ELLIOT

(as he punches the numbers)

I must have called you fifty times since... our disagreement. I even wrote. The letters were returned unopened. Are you always so certain you're right? Things aren't black and white, Catherine. They should be, but they're not.

(the call is answered)

This is Elliot Burch. Let me speak to Jack Maitland...

58 FAVORING CATHERINE

58

as she watches Elliot, her emotions surging, conflicting...

ELLIOT

Jack? I'm sending a friend down there to see you. Give her what she needs.

(hangs up, jots on a piece of paper, then comes to hand it to her)

He'll be expecting you.

She takes the slip of paper, holding his eyes for a long beat, then starts for the door, turns...

CATHERINE

The next time you call... I'll be in.

ELLIOT

Why?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

CATHERINE
Because you didn't put a price
tag on this.

She slips OUT, leaving ELLIOT staring after her...

CUT TO:

59 INT. INNER MAZE - DAY

59

Dark, oppressive silence. The only SOUND is Father's labored breathing. The long hours of pain and thinning air are taking their toll on him; hope is slipping away.

FATHER
I'm thirsty, Vincent...

VINCENT
It won't be much longer.
They're still drilling...

FATHER
No. They've stopped. I can
hear it in your voice.
(beat)
They think we're dead.
Perhaps we are.

VINCENT
Please, Father. We must not lose
hope...

FATHER
I feel drowsy, so tired... We're
running out of air. We haven't much
time, there's no use fooling
ourselves. Try to save yourself, dig
with what strength you have left.

VINCENT
It's too unstable. Each time I move
a rock, more fall. Weed and
Catherine will not give up.

A moment of silence...

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

FATHER

Maybe I was wrong to punish him... I never sought to be a leader, it was thrust upon me, as it will be upon you. I wonder... if I've been wrong about... everything... leaving the world above... raising you here, beneath the earth...

(beat; wistful now)

The colors... I miss the colors more than anything I think. They've even faded in my mind's eye... nature's palate... I wish you could have seen the deep blue of the Pacific under a summer sun... The incredible green of the grass at Ebbets Field.. The brilliant white desert sands of New Mexico... fall leaves blazing orange and yellow in Vermont...

VINCENT

I've seen them all, Father. And more. No child ever had a better guide. The magic of your voice took me around the world -- your words painting pictures I will never forget. Twain's Mississippi... Kipling's Africa... Jack London's Klondike... You made them come alive for me.

(beat)

There are many stories left to tell.

Father reaches to stroke Vincent's head gratefully, finding comfort in his words, as we

CUT TO:

60 INT. - A SECTION OF TUNNELS - NIGHT

60

Catherine, Weed, Jamie, and the two tunnel dwellers are moving along the dark, misty tunnels, towing an old flatbed wagon between them. The wagon is loaded with the drill bits and a container of plastic explosive. The drill bits look like giant cork screws. Their torches throw eerie shadows against the walls as they make their way deeper into the bowels of the earth.

61 CLOSER - WEED AND CATHERINE

61

Weed is rolling a ball of plastic explosive between his fingers like a kid with a piece of clay.

WEED

You're good at finding, and taking. I love this stuff! Tried to find some once, didn't have any bolt cutters.

CATHERINE

(nervously)

You have used it before...?

WEED

(a beat; lying through his smile)

Yeah sure you bet, yeah lots of times... See this, Arthur? One little glob and POW!

Catherine would really like to believe him...

CUT TO:

62 INT. - INNER MAZE - NIGHT

62

Both Father and Vincent are dozing; now Vincent reacts as he senses Catherine's presence.

VINCENT

(softly)

Catherine...

He leans to the floor of the chamber, listening...

FATHER

(coming around)

What is it, Vincent?

VINCENT

(deep relief)

Catherine's returned. They're drilling again... directly beneath us.

(rising)

I must move you to safety. It may hurt...

He takes Father under the arms, gently pulls him across the chamber. Father groans with pain:

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

FATHER

It's all right... the pain reminds me
I'm alive...

VINCENT

(easing down, cradling
Father's head in his
lap)

Soon you'll be comfortable,
warm and safe from harm...

CUT TO:

63 INT. DANK TUNNEL - NIGHT

63

The small narrow tunnel is filled with noise and rock dust as
Weed bores into the bedrock...

Catherine, Jamie, and the two other tunnel dwellers load
the flatbed wagon with the chunks of rock that fall from
above, wheel them out...

Off a TIGHT SHOT of the grinding DRILL BIT chewing its
way through the rock, we

DISSOLVE TO:

64 DANK TUNNEL - LATER

64

Weed steps back, signals Catherine to cut the compressor.
She does. He puts down the drill, moves toward the plastic
explosive. Catherine looks on with concern as he digs out a
huge wad of the stuff.

CATHERINE

That seems like a lot...

WEED

(thinks, tears off half
and puts it back)

Maybe.

CATHERINE

Don't you know?

The tunnel people trade worried looks, slowly back down the
tunnel toward safety. Weed hefts the wad, adds a little
more to it.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

WEED

Know enough. Pack the stuff in the holes, put the little gizmos in, set it off with a signal from the other gizmo.

CATHERINE

(alarmed)

You lied, didn't you? You've never used plastic explosive!

WEED

(starting to pack the holes with plastic)

Yeah. Might blow Vincent and Father up. Might blow Weed up.... Might save their lives, too. Hand me the little gizmos.

CATHERINE

You can't do this!

WEED

Then they die for sure.

He holds out his hand for the detonating antennas; she hesitates, desperately searching for another solution... but there isn't one. She gets them from the box, hands them to him. He whistles a little tune as he plants the antennas in the wads of plastic explosive -- Cathy looking on, fear bright in her eyes...

CUT TO:

65 INT. - INNER MAZE - NIGHT

65

Vincent is kneeling, listening...

FATHER

(grimly)

They've stopped, haven't they?

VINCENT

Catherine's frightened... I feel it...

FATHER

She's afraid you're dead.

VINCENT

No... not despair, or sadness... fear...

CUT TO:

66 INT. . DANK TUNNEL. NIGHT

66

Weed is finished rigging the explosives. He takes the electronic detonator out of the box, then unfastens Arthur's chain and plucks him off his shoulder, holds him out to Catherine.

WEED

Go with Lady Catherine, Arthur.
She'll keep you safe.

CATHERINE

Can't we detonate it from the
tunnel farther down?

WEED

(shakes his head)
Tunnel twists and turns. Signal
won't go through solid rock. You
and Arthur run along.

CATHERINE

(a long beat)
Show me what to do, and I'll do
it.

WEED

He's my friend too, Catherine.
(a laugh)
You get killed, Vincent will kill
Weed anyway. Go now.

Catherine gives him a long, heartfelt look of gratitude,
turns and starts out...

67 FARTHER DOWN THE CONNECTING TUNNEL

67

The other tunnel dwellers are waiting around a corner when
Catherine comes INTO SHOT

CATHERINE

(urging them forward)
We've got to take cover...

68 WITH WEED

68

crouched on the far side of the small chamber... His THUMB
moves to the BUTTON ON THE DETONATOR, PRESSES IT; THE
LIGHT GLOWS RED AS WE

SMASH CUT TO:

69 DEEPER IN THE TUNNEL

69

as a terrific EXPLOSION rips loose from around the corner. Catherine and the others, crouching behind some boulders, are sent sprawling by the force of the concussion... Now silence settles in, leaden and forbidding...

70 CATHERINE

70

slowly raises to her elbows, reorienting herself, trying to see through the clouds of dust billowing from the explosion site. She struggles to her feet, gropes her way down the tunnel.

71 ANGLE - VINCENT AND FATHER

71

materialize in the swirling dust, Vincent carrying Father across his shoulders. Father is unconscious.

CATHERINE
(rushing toward them)
Vincent...

VINCENT
Father's badly hurt...

Catherine helps Vincent ease Father to the ground, cradles his head while Vincent checks him over for injuries.

VINCENT
(feeling his pulse)
His heart is strong...
(looks at her with deep
gratitude)
I knew you and Weed would not
fail.

Catherine looks past Vincent toward the ante-chamber with concern; Weed hasn't appeared.

CATHERINE
Did you see him? He stayed behind to
set off the explosives...

Vincent, obviously worried, follows her gaze down the tunnel... smoke still drifts in the air. Now he rises, starts back down. It's an anxious moment...

VINCENT
Weed...

72 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING WEED 72

as he emerges from the smoke, covered head to foot with dust, spitting dirt and wiping his eyes.

WEED
 (an apologetic little
 smile)
 Used a touch too much...

Vincent embraces him roughly, thanking him without words.

73 ANOTHER ANGLE 73

Catherine smiles with a thankful relief as Father begins to stir. Vincent and Weed hurry to kneel at his side.

VINCENT
 Father...

Father's eyes flicker, open...

FATHER
 Weed... Catherine. Vincent said
 you'd come... I have no words to
 thank you...

He reaches to grasp their hands thankfully, the gesture saying it all, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

74 EXT. CATHERINE'S SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT 74

Vincent and Catherine approach the entry point to Catherine's world, both bone-weary from their long ordeal, but finding warmth and comfort in each other's presence.

VINCENT
 Rest well, Catherine.
 You must be exhausted.

CATHERINE
 I don't think I've ever been so
 frightened.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

VINCENT

It was a desperate time. A shadow of
fear fell across my heart.
Dark and chilling... thoughts of...
losing the man that's given me my
life.

(beat; trying to find
the words)

Your bravery saved us, Catherine.
Without you...

CATHERINE

My life would mean nothing without
you to share it.

They embrace for a long moment, then Catherine starts
toward the entry point.

VINCENT

Catherine... though our worlds
separate us, we can never be
apart.

75 CLOSE ON CATHERINE

75

as she watches Vincent disappear into his world, then
turns, and goes back to hers...

FADE OUT

THE END